

# THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &C.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1846.

NUMBER 11.

## Original Poetry.

### THE MONTGOMERY VOLUNTEERS.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

Hark! borne upon the morning gale  
Distant music floats along,  
Swelling softly o'er the vale  
Like the gentle breath of song.  
Louder now, and shrill, and clear,  
Lo! it bursts upon the ear.

It is the thrilling bugle's strain,  
Wakening echo's answering tone,  
And along the sounding plain  
A gallant band comes marching on—  
With waving plume, and banner gay  
All dancing in the morning ray.  
Oh! 'tis a fair and noble sight  
Meet pageant for a gala-day,  
The waving flag, the armour bright,  
The warrior in his proud array  
With martial music's cheering strain  
All sweeping o'er the echoing plain.

And there are noble hearts and free,  
Now throbbing where that banner waves—  
Men, who would sooner cease to be  
Than wear the golden chains of slaves—  
Proud spirits! in whose sacred urns  
The hallow'd fire of Freedom burns.

Our prayers are with ye, gallant band!  
Oh! ne'er upon the field of fame  
Will ye disgrace your native land,  
And brave Montgomery's honor'd name!  
Then go! and be your battle cry  
Montgomery! and Victory!

But when upon the ensanguin'd plain  
Ye bend above a fallen foe,  
Oh! let not Mercy plead in vain  
In faltering accents, sweet and low.  
Remember, that the brave and free,  
Should ever kind and generous be.

### SONG.

BY MISS PHERE CAREY.

I would not hear thee tell that tale  
Since thou art doomed to sigh in vain,  
For all thy words cannot avail  
To touch the answering chord again!

There was a time when unto me  
Thy every look and smile was dear,  
But now each vow of constancy  
Falls coldly on my listening ear.

I know not why it could not last,  
Nor why my thoughts are thus estranged,  
I only know my love is past,  
I only feel my heart is changed!

It is not that a fairer form  
Has come between my soul and thee,  
Thy words have lost their secret charm,  
Thy faith is nothing unto me.

'Twere easier now for me to love  
A being I had scorned before,  
Than for thy sighs my soul to move,  
Or wake the expiring flame once more.

For though thy lips, that breathed the tale,  
Could plead with more than human art,  
I tell thee, that the words would fail  
To wake an echo in my heart!

## Original Tale.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CASKET.]

### THE POOR STUDENT, OR THE LINWOOD FAMILY.

BY EDWARD MELANTHON.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.)

#### CHAPTER II.

"Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look that she gave when he rose."—MOORE.

Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin;  
Great fountain-head of evil; highest source  
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.

[POLLOK.

Oh Envy! hide thy bosom! hide it deep:  
A thousand snakes with black envenomed mouths  
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy heart.—[IB.

That affection of the human heart which is only manifested between the sexes is vastly different from that love which is universal among all mankind. The latter is benevolence, and when free from selfishness can never be turned to hate, or in any manner be instrumental in injuring the object of its regard. The reason is, that it cannot be the brightness of his life, who has not brought his whole mental constitution in full subjection to its genial sway. When she once obtains possession of the heart, no contingency can arise which will cause her to plume her angelic wings and depart to her celestial paradise, for sin cannot sully the robe she whitened, nor desecrate the altar at which she presides. But the former species of love—that which twines in one the male and female heart, is active among all of every class and clime, where brutality has not too much effaced the luster of the soul. It is compatible with hate, malice, and all the dark passions which place man in hostility to his fellow, and fill neighborhoods and nations with discord and violence. But as long as the evil passions rankle in the breast it cannot prevent excesses; but on the contrary, is frequently the initiatory step to the worst extremes.

With these explanations we proceed to introduce another individual holding a prominent position in the chain of events we are recording. Robert Baxter was about twenty-two years of age, of a tall, straight form, and every way, as far as the physical is concerned, a good-looking man. He had black piercing eyes, full face, and all taken together a countenance which indicated much kind feeling toward his friends. He was wealthy, having inherited the large estate of his recently deceased father; and the consequence usually attached to riches he endeavored to display to the best advantage. He was the lion of the town and dictated in all matters of fashion and extravagance that prevailed. Nothing was a LA MODE in the more aristocratic circle unless it had been endorsed by Baxter. He felt all the self-importance and pride of spirit which such a position usually commands, and disdained the society of all who were not obsequious to him. He was flattered by most of those who knew him, and some, even much superior in age, manifested to him a humiliating deference. The ladies, especially of the "UPPER RANK," reserved their best smiles and kindest words for him, and he was sought on all hands with the most winning airs that could be assumed. He had always had his own way unopposed, and had contracted an intolerant spirit that would not brook resistance. His frown was enough in that community to annihilate almost any one who had been initiated into the GENTEEL society. He was passionate, envious, jealous and unrelenting. Such was Robert Baxter, the like of whom is frequently met with.

Though Julia Linwood had not associated much with this society, owing to the uncongeniality of the prevailing manners and customs, yet Baxter had become interested in her beauty and general reputation, and manifested to her the sincerest devotedness. He had monopolized her society, and regarded his fortunes already linked with hers. Indeed he did not dream of the least opposition to his intentions either on the part of Julia or her parents.

Matters in general stood thus, when Harvey Truman, his confidential friend, whose opinion he frequently condescended to solicit, entered his room and in a serious manner said:

"Baxter, I have something to tell you."

"What has happened? Does it concern me?"

"It may, in the event, concern you."

"Well, what is it?"

"I have just heard some things concerning Julia Linwood."

"Well, say on."

"You have a dangerous rival."

"What! a dangerous rival?"

"Yes, it is confidently believed she has already pledged her hand to another."

"Pledged her hand to another! Who can have successfully approached her with the gifts of love?"

"Mr. Melville, of the Academy."

"Mr. Melville! how could he have been introduced there, and repented his visits without my being aware of it? You are trilling—I cannot believe it."

"Nay, I believe there is more truth than falsehood in the report, for the circumstances are detailed."

"What are they?" demanded Baxter, with much emphasis.

"Convince me, if you can, that Julia does not intend to be mine."

"It is reported," said Truman, "that Mr. Melville, when on his usual walk to the eastward of the Academy, heard the strains of Julia's song, and after listening with fixed attention for some time, boldly proceeded to Mr. Linwood's, rang the bell and was invited in by Julia's mother, and soon initiated into full communion with the family. She pays him the strictest attention, and he has visited her almost daily, since his first introduction. He is a promising young man and of decidedly noble appearance."

Baxter bit his lips, knit his brow, and in much perplexity enquired:—

"Was Melville a stranger to all the family before this adventure?"

"Never heard of one of them before."

"Strange, strange! Who is this Melville?"

"He is a young man, the son of a farmer, who is under the patronage of a friend endeavoring to obtain an education. He has surpassed the best students of the Academy, and much has been said abroad concerning his abilities."

The concern of Baxter increased with the mention of every new circumstance concerning the affair.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "who ever heard of a total stranger introducing himself, winning the heart and gaining the hand of a young lady like Julia? It cannot, cannot be—it is impossible—the thing was never known. She is governed too much by her good sense to permit such a thing."

"I believe it not only possible, but, knowing something of the temperament of Julia, and understanding something of the disposition of Melville, I think the whole affair highly probable."

Baxter arose and walked to and fro across the room with a rapid pace until he had resolved to survey his position in this curious drama.

"Truman," said he, "I am going to see her—this thing must be investigated. Be here at nine o'clock in the morning to render me such assistance as I may need."

As he said this, he departed for Mr. Linwood's and was soon in the presence of Julia, where also, we must introduce the reader for a few moments. When with her he always appeared to the best advantage, for he was in fact conscious of the



spirit that hovered like beauty about her, and of the purity of her presence. His ordinary pomposity, egotism, self-adulation and pride were left behind with the gewgaws and extravagances of dress, for he knew they were as incompatible with her more refined taste, as vice is incompatible with virtue. In short, he appeared quite amiable while making these visits, so much so, that Julia was led to wonder at his power of changing his usual manners. He had shared much of her company, for no other young man of the town had dared to hope that he could make an impression on her mind, and Baxter had universally been acknowledged as her successful suitor.

On this occasion he attempted to assume still gentler airs, for he had a kind of premonition that this interview would determine the nature of his future relations with her. After much conversation upon general topics, Baxter, with diffidence, introduced the all-important theme. Julia had detected something of his anxiety and penetrated far into the secrets of his heart, though she was conscious of being under no special obligation to him. He thus broached the subject: "Miss Julia, we have been intimately acquainted for some time."

"True, Mr. Baxter, and I hope that acquaintance has been beneficial to us both."

"Ah! I hope so," said he,—"indeed I know it has benefited me in strengthening my virtue and imbuing my mind with better feelings toward all mankind. I have ever looked upon you as a model of purity, and never have enjoyed your society without feeling the delicious influence of a higher spirit."

"You flatter me, Mr. Baxter," said Julia, blushing, "but I hope my conversation and conduct has ever been such as not to be prejudicial to any of my fellows."

"Miss Julia, until recently, ay, this very day, I have not been in doubt as to my true relations with you."

"You do not doubt my warmest friendship, I hope. Have I given any evidence of a want of friendship to you?"

"No, no," he replied, with greater agitation, for friendship was not the word he sought,— "but I had faintly believed that our relations were somewhat different from those of mere friends."

Julia felt that she was in an unpleasant position, for her kindness of heart made it painful for her to be the cause of another's distress. But she had one only course to take.

"Mr. Baxter," continued she, "in reviewing our intercourse from the period of our first acquaintance, can you find any conduct on my part, which would not result from the dictates of friendship?"

"Ask not that, Julia, for I have long loved you with a true heart, and had hoped that my love was reciprocated by the object of my deep, sincere affection. Have I been mistaken? Can I not still indulge a hope that has been for months the essence of my happiness? Let me not be disappointed."

Julia dropped a tear of sorrow for the pain she had occasioned, though there was no blame on her part. But this was not a time for equivocation, which, indeed, was always absent from her intercourse with others.

"I must tell you," said she, "that I had never anticipated an interview like this."

"Say not so, I beseech you—my happiness for life depends on you."

"This, indeed, is a most unpleasant position," said she, rising and looking sorrowfully out of the window. They remained in silence for a few moments, when again seating herself, she continued:—

"But what has so recently occurred, Mr. Baxter, to occasion you so much unhappiness?"

"Let me not be the cause of distress to you, for rather than give you a single disagreeable feeling, I would banish myself from home and society, and make the desert my abiding place. But oh, if you can respond heartily to my attachment, it would be the beauty of my life."

"You have not answered my question."

"True, true. Are you acquainted with Mr. Melville?"

Julia started at the mention of that dear name, but speedily recovering herself, replied:—

"I am."

"Did he not introduce himself to your family, but a few days since?"

"He did."

"Did he not walk in the garden with you at his first visit?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Baxter, but you are getting too personal. I would gratify you as far as is consistent with my duty to myself and others. I hope therefore you will ask no more questions concerning Mr. Melville."

"Pardon me, Julia," said he with deep emotion—"but I

had, perhaps erroneously, thought, that my past intercourse with you justified my course—but I see it all. Oh hope! sweet charmer of my life, hast thou fled forever? Bliss! hast thou left me to the gloom of unrequited love? Is Julia to be the life and light of another?" As he said this, he turned aside his head and placed his hand upon his brow.

"I have never truly loved until lately, when I met him whom nature seems to have destined for me. To deny this love would be doing violence to myself, to him, and blaspheming its source."

Baxter, at this declaration, summoned what stoical power he possessed and began to bring the matter to the test of reason and policy.

"Are you acquainted with the circumstances of Mr. Melville?" asked he.

"I know nothing of him, except the fact that he is a student at the Academy and the consciousness I have of his noble excellence."

"Would it not be prudent, Miss Julia, to know his character, and the probability of a happy union, before cherishing too much an inflexible love? I fear you do not know the factiousness of love—how it will spring up in spite of all considerations of reason, and be the source of the greatest unhappiness. You have reflection and will concur with me when I say, that he should not be the object of a lady's devotion, who has not the palpable means of making her happy. Poverty is the greatest curse that can humiliate us, and no young man should think of becoming the protector of a fair one until he is placed beyond the fear of want. I say nothing against Mr. Melville, but however amiable he may appear to you, he may prove a bankrupt in character and fortune. We should beware of dissimulation. Besides, he is taking a most precarious course to make an independency. The professions are crowded with able men, and many young aspirants are compelled to suffer disappointment, and at last, return to some humble position in life, while one is successful. These matters are important, Julia, and I hope you will consider them."

"I hope I duly appreciate your kindness," returned she, "but your suggestions have failed to raise a doubt in my mind."

"Julia, will you step to the window?" asked he, rising and moving toward a window that looked out upon the magnificent garden of Mr. Linwood.

"Certainly, if it will afford you any pleasure."

As they surveyed the enchanting scene before them, Baxter said:—

"You have been educated amid the beauty of this delightful place. The flowers and the trees, the plants and the fountains have done so much in forming your taste that were you taken away from their delightful prospect and compelled to live in a rude and tasteless residence, you would think a part of your nature was torn away and be unhappy. Julia, I can surround you with a princely fortune. I can provide you a garden, with every species of vegetable beauty, from all climes, and without awaiting in doubt any contingency, we can spend a life of unimpaired bliss in pleasant bowers, by sparkling fountains, breathing the fragrance of the breeze and surrounded by every luxury. As a companion, you can have one who adores you, and one, whom, let me hope, you can love. I ask not your determination now, but will await your pleasure."

"I will relieve you from all suspense," said she, "for I am as well prepared to answer now as ever. The die is cast—I am another's. His love is more delicious than fountains, and flowers, and arbors, and all that can be commanded by fortune."

Baxter turned away with much apparent anguish and took his leave, saying—

"I am undone—what shall I do? All inducements to live have flown forever."

Julia only said to him as he departed:—

"You are a MAN, and should bear yourself through all trials with manly courage."

This remark struck harshly upon his pride, and, assuming a stouter aspect, he stepped loftily away.

Julia saw it and was gratified that she had finally touched the proper chord.

Baxter hastened to his room, feeling the utmost indignation on account of the repulse he had met, and that a young man of Mr. Melville's situation should so baffle him. He had never before known what opposition to his wishes was, and his unholy passions were aroused. He paced the room in much excitement, breathing out most violent threatenings. He swore he would make Melville feel that Baxter lived, and bring Julia, by some means, at his feet. "But what can be

done," he soliloquized. "I abhor to do her wrong, or any thing to bring me into disgrace. Disgrace! ah, what greater disgrace than to be thus flouted by this insignificant Melville, and let the report fly about that Robert Baxter could not marry the beautiful Julia? I would expend half my fortune before such a thing should happen. I have heard it said that money would do any thing,—that's false, for it will not move Miss Linwood. But—let me see—perhaps—perhaps money will bribe him."

At the appointed time Truman entered and asked—

"What success? Baxter?"

"I am scorned—cast off—BEATEN by that Melville who has not been my rival a week! I am disgraced—humbled,—what can I do?"

"Be calm—perhaps all will go well yet. Melville will not marry her until he shall have graduated, acquired a profession and be assured of success. That will take four years at least—and in that time perhaps something can be done."

"Yes, yes, perhaps something can be done. What is the pecuniary condition of Melville?"

"He is poor."

"What is his moral condition? You have been intimate with him and must know."

"He is as pure as any young man can well be. It would be a long struggle before temptation could move him."

"Well, well,—this is a difficult case,—but, Truman, did you ever hear of a man whom money would not swerve? I know a woman of that kind, but have yet to find the man."

"Avarice, to be sure, is the ruling passion, and I am not prepared to say that a bribe would not move any individual who has seen much of this cheating world. The fact is, that many young men commence life with excellent principles—but after being thrown into the bustle of business, and finding that each is playing his own game, and cheating all he can, he becomes wonderfully sensitive in the pocket and would hesitate before he could let virtue spoil a speculation. Melville, to say the most, would be hard to bribe—but perhaps a large purse would outweigh his goodness."

"Truman, I have fifty thousand dollars to induce him to go away and withdraw all attention from Julia. It is humiliating to be compelled to buy him off—but it is more so to have it known that he conquered Baxter. What think you of it?"

"I think it an object to a poor man to get the fifty thousand—and Melville may feel it so."

"But perhaps it is best to try something else first. You say he is of scrupulous virtue. Cannot, then, some insinuations be breathed into his chaste ear that would turn his love to loathing and disgust? I said I would not wrong Julia—and I will not, unless she lets her foolish love injure herself, and that would be her own fault. Here are one hundred dollars for any one who will attempt this."

"I understand," said Truman, as he took the money and left the room. "Keep cool—I'll see what can be done in this way."

On the next day, Truman called upon Baxter and made the report, that he had given the money to one of Melville's best friends, under the injunction of secrecy, with instructions how to proceed. He accordingly fell into his company, as if by accident—turned the conversation upon female beauty and virtue, and finally mentioned Miss Julia as one of the most beautiful, and, apparently, most virtuous of women, and yet, the most corrupt. He represented her as having all the charms and winning ways of an angel, to those but little acquainted with her, and yet, they make her a walking falsehood, a gilded sinner. He then told a story of a Clergyman that loved her, but suddenly left the country, to the astonishment of all, as soon as he found out her deceitfulness.

"Ha, ha, ha," Baxter attempted to laugh, "that was well done—capital—ingenious—well, was it not successful?"

"Successful! No, it had no more effect on him than the idle wind. He said it was all false—that Julia did not know wrong—that he knew she was as innocent and spotless as Diana—he knew it by the revelation of that spirit which cannot lie, whose favorite she is. He denounced all that could be said against her, as false, and cautioned his friend against making himself the bearer of a lie. He said it was beyond the power of man to make him believe her vicious, for he claimed to know from an unerring source. Many more things he said about the spirit which puzzles me much to comprehend."

"So, so,—he is a transcendentalist is he? Though the ruse was unsuccessful, yet I must say it was ingenious,—for he does not dream of its being an attempt to ruin Julia in his estimation, with a malicious design. It leaves a fairer chance for other tricks. I shall now try the bribe. Go and tell Powell to come here at once, as I have matters of interest to him."



Truman departed, and Baxter walked the floor in much vexation—occasionally stamping his foot with the exclamation, "its confounded humiliating! take it either way. But it must be done. Money, money, money,—what canst thou not do? If he resist the bribe, it will be more humbling still,—for he will stand so far in virtue above me, that I shall feel amazingly insignificant. But the risk must be run."

After a few moments Powell appeared.

"Mr. Powell," said Baxter, as he entered the room, "I have some business for you that will pay well—but you must never say a word about it to any one, as you value your life."

"Of course, I shall have no occasion to mention it. What is it?"

"I want you to go to the Academy—find one Horace Melville, and proffer him this check on the bank for fifty thousand dollars, provided he will leave this section of country and hold no more communication with Julia Linwood,—and here is a check of five hundred dollars for your services."

"Julia Linwood?"

"No questions—but proceed at once if you are sufficiently paid—if not, name your sum."

"O, I cannot ask more," he said, as he departed with the check.

Baxter again paced the room in much anxiety, and soliloquized thus:—

"This looks to me very much like the devil trying to tempt the Savior. Oh, I grow smaller and smaller in my own estimation, every moment. It's rather a sore business, this—it were better not attempted. But it is commenced and must be carried through. I cannot brook the repulse of Julia and the triumph of Melville. If the bribe takes, all will be well, and I shall feel superior to him—if not—if not, I sink—sink—sink."

The next day Powell returned.

"What news, what news, Powell?" asked Baxter, hastily, as he entered the room.

"Take back your check," said he, violently throwing down the one given him as a reward, as well as that which Melville would not take.

"Did not succeed, ha,—just as I expected. But what does this mean?" said he, taking up the five hundred dollar check, "has money lost all its charm with you?"

"Say nothing to me. It was a sorry business you employed me to do."

"You did not get whipped, did you?"

"Get whipped—yes with his tongue—in a manner too that would have made a desperado quail. He not only refused the bribe with indignation, but turned the key upon me, so that I might not get away until he had relieved his mind for my good, as he said. He spoke of the assault upon his manhood and the despicable character of the transaction I was engaged in, until I would rather have undertaken to cut my way thro' seven platoons of the enemy than remain a moment longer beneath the withering glance of his eye."

"Powell, you are insulted, and a coward if you do not vindicate yourself as a gentleman. What! be locked up in a room and scolded as an insignificant puppy?"

"What shall I do?"

"Do!—call him into the field where he can have a chance to show his manhood, if he has any."

"That would be a matter YOU would not like to undertake."

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 89.)

## Essays.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

### A FEW DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

AUTHOR OF THE "MIAMI VALLEY," &c.

Where is the man who has not had his moments of calm dispassionate thought—moments when the turbulent spirit is peaceful, and the wild passion stayed, beneath the influence of that SOMETHING which hath puzzled the Philosopher—and given birth to a thousand lucubrations embodying the sublime and the ridiculous? In my mania of investigation, I have sought the prisoner in his cell—he whose atrocity of disposition has been observed with trembling—and face to face with the man of blood, conversed upon topics congenial with his organization and his taste. Even that man, deadened as he was by continual contact with all that is vicious and profane, had something in his nature that was noble and pure. We spoke of his fellow man, of their heartlessness and selfishness—of their inhumanity and perfidiousness, and his eye

flashed fire—he grasped his chain, and the fury of a fiend incarnate dwelt upon his savage features. He spoke with bitterness of their perfidy, of their selfishness: he dwelt with deadly hatred upon their hypocrisy, and the means which they resort to, in order to stamp upon the serpent which he avowed was as good as they, and had as much to live for. The conversation continued; at length it turned upon our parents—I spoke of their goodness, of their constancy and unwearying attention in the hour of sickness, and the misanthrope's features softened. I dwelt upon the unquenchable love which a mother bears her son—of her undying solicitude for his welfare, and her continual prayer for his safety. I told him tales of her unwavering kindness and of the means which she would resort to in order to save him from disgrace or punishment and I recounted to him scenes where the love of a sister was stronger than life itself. It is alone when other friends have deserted us, and when hope, with its train of brightness has departed, and the gloom of despair throws its pall over the mind, that the love of the mother and the sister grows mighty in its strength, and undiminished in its energy. The man of blood listened—the deep fountains of his nature were stirred up, a tear rolled down his cheek, and he exclaimed, "Alas! I have no mother or sister either." Reader, there never was the man born, however vilely organized, but whose spirit contains in its depths the elements of goodness. It is your business to probe to those depths—not to punish, to excite anger and hatred, but to calm them, and to strengthen those nobler attributes, that STRENGTH which only designates one man from another.

Circumstances control man with a rod of iron. When we come into the world, we are all very nearly equal in respect to mental capacity, and it lies with you—with circumstances—whether a child ends in being a Philosopher, respected and venerated by all—or a culprit, generally execrated by all. The natal powers may be compared to a blank sheet awaiting to be written upon, and the future value of that sheet depends upon who writes on it. If one possessing virtue, morality and learning—with a mind imbued with the fruits of deep reflection, and nourished by virtue—write upon that SHEET OF PAPER, it will possess great value; but should it be subjected to the pen of a vicious intellect—of one dyed with the darkness of evil—who would value it? To drop the figure, the intellect must be cultivated, and all the happiness of the individual during a long future, depends upon the tastes which that intellect acquires.

Taste is solely acquired. I have known persons who derided the study and practical acquirements of Natural History, yet those same persons have now acquired a taste for it, and are now most enthusiastic in its acquisition. I, myself, was once a scoffer at those who spent days searching for BUGS and BUTTERFLIES; or waded to the depths of a slimy pond, with vial in hand searching for the infinitesimal world, that the microscope might reveal the most wondrous work of the Great Architect. I have stood in mirthful mood, and watched the Naturalist, as he strove with many a grotesque motion and ungainly stride, to capture some little insect with gilded wings, which was unconsciously wending its flight from flower to flower and enjoying its existence. Now the enthusiastic old Naturalist charged upon the painted bauble, but missing his step, sank knee deep in a hidden swamp. Now with colossal strides, and soul—very existence itself—absorbed in the capture of that living gem, he pressed forward, hope animated his limbs, and the radiance of success dwelt in brightness upon his features—he raised his hat to capture the little gem, when his dexter foot stir'd up a YELLOW-JACKETS' nest, and the infuriated insects, maddened with this unceremonious intrusion, assembled with unanimous consent to punish the intruder. The Naturalist covered his "dome of thought" with his hat and bolted.

I say that I have laughed at this scene, and wondered how people could be such fools as to sacrifice convenience,—to go into such exertion for the sake of possessing a little insect; but that same old Naturalist calmly reasoned with me. "It is not for the possession of a painted bauble," said he, "that we search the woods and the meadows, and wade the miasmatic pond, but it is for the glory of God. We worship the great Jehovah through a frail insect—we gaze through a microscope and we see that He who guides the hurricane, keeps the great planets in their orbits, and who gave them their first impulse, has placed his most wondrous workmanship upon a mite, millions of which crowded together, could not be discerned with the naked eye."

I listened to the old Naturalist, and having a mind framed to worship, I caught his enthusiasm. I saw that the Natural-

ist was not a gatherer of worms and bugs—a mere traveller after novelties, but a worshipper of God. I gathered in the inspiration of his spirit; mine caught fire, with a glow which death alone can quench—and I became a Worshipper! I soon learned that nothing should be too SMALL for the attention of man, for he who stoops not to notice small things, seldom rises above them. It is not in studying objects of vastness that we alone learn, but the minute—the infinitesimal—teach us lessons which expand the ideas equally with the study of the movements of the Planets. The field of a microscope contains as many wonders as the field of a Telescope, and either the one or the other should teach man to adore his God.

Who has not felt a religion expand his soul, as he gazed upon the works of nature, and reflected upon the power which governs them? I have seen men whose natures were exceedingly sensual, gross, and vile, warm into enthusiasm and worship, as they gazed upon the departing sun, and beheld the host of clouds which were marshalling him to his rest. Ay, it is a glad sight, those chrysalis clouds, as they heave up through the mid-air, and catch the bright metallic hues of the dying sun—playing with them a moment, and then flinging them away to the earth to hue the foliage, and stir up the fountains of men's hearts. Bright chrysalis of the sky, ye are lovely in your evening train! Like chandeliers of the upper air, suspended from the great blue vault above, and lit from its own empyrean fire, ye stir within me bright and happy thoughts. As I behold ye, coying with a coquette's grace, with yonder masses of vivid coloring, and then casting them from ye, only to receive trains more prismatic and more glowing, my spirit swells within its earthly coil, and fain would leave its dust and mingle with ye! And now those clouds have caught a darker, yet a more lovely hue—their gold is burnished with the imperial purple, and the corneal strengthens there, as if it possessed mortal vanity, and fain would be discerned above that struggling red. And now methinks a bolder, yet subdued hue, would strive for the supremacy, did not the dark amber with its mixture of deep blue, cloak it from mine eye, and hide its blush. There is a poetry in the evening clouds whose eloquence reaches the very depths of the heart and arouses feelings too strong and pure to be embodied in the frailties of language. There is a language in the soul which is far too ethereal to be within the reach of the art of man. No words can embody it, for it dwells alone in the hidden recesses of our metaphysical nature, and is brought into light only when the soul grows too full and large for the earthly cage which confines its eternal flight. This is poetry. It is a thing not belonging to our material nature, but shadowing forth a moiety of the effulgence which bursts upon the soul, as it wings its flight to the abode of the Eternal. It is a faint hue of the great future, which man in the moments of his inspiration is permitted to taste—and there is no one who does not, at times, feel this peculiar foreshadowing of the glorious future—let him be ever so vicious or animal in his organization, there are times when his immortal nature will swell within its earthly tenement, and prove that he still bears the image of his Maker. Ay, there are times when we all feel this. When the gross passions of our nature become subdued and calmed by the influence of a mellow Summer evening; or, when that upheaving of the immortal spirit—as mysterious and potent as that of the earthquake—usurps that AURE which gives irresistibility to our evil passions,—then we all feel the strength within—the true poetry. There is a kind of poetry awakened in the perusal and investigation of the Physical sciences; for anything which has truth for its foundation, and that truth creates wonder and admiration, we then feel a degree of what may be termed poetry. Since I am on the subject of POETRY, let me carry it out. When a Danseuse balances herself, and gyrates to the cadences of voluptuous harmony, she displays, Byron tells us, the "poetry of motion!" Another time he tells of the "poetry of steeples;" and now permit me to invent a "poetry." When we hear the loud swell of harmony from a brass-band, the members of which are full of health and spirits—when we behold solid columns of young men, with their bright faces denoting happiness, and the elasticity of their tread, freedom from weariness. I should call this the POETRY OF WAR. But let those young men seek the fiery sun of the South—let them endure the fatigues of a week's march, exposed to the inclemency of the weather and the miasmas of the country with its quickly terminating and fierce disease—let them behold around them their dying and wounded comrades, and endure the hardships of a soldier's life—and methinks the POETRY OF WAR will have fled!

DAYTON, JUNE 13, 1846.



## Random Sketches,

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

WIDOW JULIP AND THE WOODCHUCK,  
OR THE WAY UNCLE ZACK GOT SOFT-SOAPED.  
A YANKEE'S YARN.

BY BEN BOWLINE.

It was a dark stormy night—dark as the—ace of spades, and the rain was beating a regular tattoo against the window panes of an old half crazy shell of a tavern, wherein a number of us way-worn, dirt bespattered travelers were seated around the fire, "got up expressly for the occasion" by our landlord, who, if not as corpulent as Falstaff, was, to say the least, as jolly, and endeavored, to the best of his ability, to make us merry by making rum punches.

Now, reader, I am not a drinking man—O no, not by any means,—but then, I do take a drop sometimes, when I am traveling, just to keep off the fever and ague, you understand, and as the night in question was damp and chilly, and as every thing was rather free, why may-be I did take a little more than was usual with me on similar occasions, as, in fact, I presume most of my companions did. Well, well, this is all very well in its place, but foreign to my subject; so here goes.

My companions, for the night, were a strange medley of Dutch, Irish, Hoosier, and Yankee; what I, myself, am, I leave for you to guess. We had taken a horn or two round, and had just begun to feel, as Pat said, "like a wee bit ov a row," when the Yankee proposed that each should relate a story of some kind, "in order," as he said, "to let the evening slide right down just as slick as the lick." No sooner had the proposition been made, than "a story, a story," resounded on all sides, the landlord timing in to bring up the rear—and, of course, as the Yankee had proposed, he was the proper one to set the example; and getting our tumbler once more replenished, we spread ourselves around the table, lit our cigars, (the Dutchman smoked a pipe,) and then signified to the Yankee, that we were ready.

"Wal," returned he, "taking a sip at the punch, and throwing himself back in his chair—(and he was a mighty long man, and a mighty thin one, and had a rather peaked face, sharp nose, large mouth, small, laughing gray eyes)—"wal, I guess I'm jest about as ready as any of ye, so—"

"Well, be jabers! don't be afther makin thim preliminaries, Mither Yankee; and don't be afther gitting thrunk till ye've tould the story,"—interrupted Pat, who had just enough liquor in him to make him feel very consequential.

"Yaw, dat ish right, dat ish goet,"—chimed in the Dutchman.

"Hold your tongues, you tarnal—"

"The story, the story," cried I.

"Whoop! the story, be jabers!" said Pat.

"Yaw, dat ish right,"—went the Dutchman.

The Yankee scratched his head, and then commenced.

"Wal, you see, gentlemen, my name is Zebediah,—Zebediah Tucker, is the whole on't,—but for the short they jest call me Zeb,—wal, ye see, I have an uncle, and his'n is Zachariah—they call him Zack—he's a curious kind o'a chap, I guess, as ever you see; he wouldn't no more mind licking a man than nothing; and he's tarnal big, tu, jest round the waist, and he's heavy as a log of maple with the sap in't, and he's strong as a bull calf, and he's a great chap, I tell ye.

"Wal, ye see, my uncle's an old Bach, offorty, who never got married, cause he was either tu bashful, or else cause he couldnt git nobody to have 'im, which is jest about as bad. I know he'd like tu git married, the tarnal crittur, cause he's always casting sheep's eyes at every gal he sees, and kinder edging up tu her side ways like.

"Wal, ye see—my uncle lives in the neighborhood of Swampdown—a mighty slick place tu, I tell ye—near Runfast river, right in the holler. Wal, ye see, there ain't many gals round there, cause the young fellers kept a courting and marrying 'on 'em off, all the time, so that the place is putty much thinned out—and what is left of 'em are mighty scary like, so a feller don't stand much sight of catching one, unless he can put a gold bait on his hook, which ain't quite so easy tu do in these ere times, you know. 'Bout five years ago, there cum a widder there, from some place way down near Stonypoint—a real slick, buxom widder she was, tu, I tell ye—but as spiteful, when she got mad, as an old hen with chickens. Some folks said she'd run away from her husband,—but I don't believe it, cause she wasn't the crittur to run away from any man—and some said she hadn't never been married, and there were all sorts o' stories 'bout her, which she didn't seem tu mind no more'n nothing at all.

"Wal, ye see, 'bout tew years ago, come haying time, uncle Zack tuk a notion in his head he'd go and see the widder, cause he kinder felt as if he oughter git married, and all the gals round there had gin him the sack. Now uncle Zack had poked his face into my mess tew or three times, and spilt a courting for me, and so I'd made up my mind the fust time I got a chance, I'd pay him off, right nice. And so when I found out that uncle Zack was a going tu see the widder, it tickled me amazingly, and ses I, to myself, 'I'll pay you old feller, if I don't, darn my buttons.

"Now I'd heard that the widder had taken a desperate liking tu rabbits, but hated a woodchuck as bad as a temperance man does tu be caught drunk,—which is tarnal bad, you know—and so I went tu work and studied up a plan to fix 'em. Ye see the reason the widder hated woodchucks was, cause a feller that used to cum tu see her, as she said, 'fore she's married, got mad, or huffy, 'bout something, and sent her a mitten rolled up in one of these ere crittur's skins—and ever since that, she'd been a mortal enemy of 'em.

"I mistrusted uncle Zack would be coming over tu ax my opinion 'bout things, and how to perceed, (ye see I lived right tother side of a four acre field, from Zack's,) as he always wanted tu git my advice, cause it didn't cost nothing,—for Zack was a tarnal stingy man, so stingy, he'd sometimes walk barefoot and carry his shoes, for fear he'd wear 'em out tu soon.

"Wal, sure enough, one morning, fore breakfast, as I were sitting on the door-sill, whittling down the leetle end of a pine shingle tu a pint, who should come up but uncle Zack. I didn't let on I see him, at all, but kept a whittling away and singing.

"O widder Julip's a beautiful bird,

She's got the sweetest voice that ever Zebediah heard."

"Ye see I'm a poet, tu, and I made this right up jest as I went along, cause I knew it'd make uncle Zack feel kinder bad, and bring him right tu the pint.

"Zebediah,"—said uncle Zack, coming up in a great flusteration—"Zebediah!" said he—

"Why, hallo, uncle!" said I, jumping up, 'is this ere you? how d'ye do? I hain't seen ye for a long time;' and then I went right up, and got the old feller by the hand, so affectionate like, and says I, 'uncle, you look pale,' (his face were as red as a beet, 'indeed you du,' and I put my fingers tu my eyes and tried tu find some tears, but they wan't there.

"Don't cry, Zeb, don't!" said uncle Zack; 'the fact is I hain't felt so well of late, but I guess tain't nothing of consequence. But I thought I heard you singing sumthing 'bout widder Julip—I jest come over tu ax you 'bout her, Zeb, for ye see, tu tell the truth, I've got in love with her.'

"She's an angel, uncle Zack," says I.

"So she is, Zeb, so she is,"—says uncle Zack—"and now how'd I better perceed to git her?"

"How d'ye perceed to git sheep?" says I.

"I puts sumthing in a dish, and goes out and coaxes 'em," said uncle Zack, 'and, when I gits 'em close enough, I jest grabs right hold on 'em.'

"Wal, says I, 'widders are caught the same way. Only jest git sumthing nice tu jingle, in the way of a present, and they'll cum right tu ye, the tarnal critturs, and then you can lay right hold on their affections—for they're as docile as a pet kitten, but as slippery as a greased pig—so when you git one cornered, you must throw the matrimonial noose around her, or may-be she'll be off like a streak of lightnin in a thunder shower.'

"When I told uncle Zack, this, he fairly groaned—for he hated tu pay out any thing, like darnation; and he couldn't bear tu think of the widder's slipping off, nother; and so says he, says uncle Zack—

"Ain't there no other way of doing it, Zeb, my boy? it's so tarnal expensive if a feller should happen tu git the slip."

"There ain't no other way," says I; 'but I can tell you what you can do, and it won't cost much, nother.

"Uncle Zack's eyes brightened, they did, and he caught right hold on me, and says he, says uncle Zack, 'what is it Zeb? I'm dying tu know.'

"Wal, says I, 'you know the widder's tarnal fond of rabbits?'

"Yes, yes," says uncle Zack,—looking as good natured as the inside of an apple dumplin—"yes, I know, she told me so, the aangel, with her own sweet lips;" and uncle Zack fairly looked watery 'round the mouth.

"Wal, now," says I, 'jest take my advice—twon't cost much'—(uncle Zack fairly laffed, he felt so tickled tu think twas a going tu be so cheap)—"and jest you go and kill a rabbit, a plump one, and take it down tu the widder; but you

must keep it covered up, so she won't know nothing about it, till you git ready for her, and you must work her up like, by telling her how you love her, and all them things you know how tu do so wal,' (uncle Zack laffed agin, he did,) 'and when you git her in the right place, you must undu the rabbit, and present it tu her, and say that goes for itself tu show her that you don't forgit her when you're away, and all such nice things, and then jest foller it up—pop the question—and you've got her like a hooked mud-turkle.'

"Uncle Zack bust right out a laffin; he couldn't help it, he felt so tickled, tu think how easy twas tu do it; and grabbing hold of my hand, he shuk it like sissors—said he, 'I'll du it this very night coming,'—and then started right off hum, and never said another word.

"Wal, I knew uncle Zack 'ud keep his word, and so I went right straight tu work, that day, and killed a woodchuck, and, covering it up nice, I went over tu uncle Zack's, toward night, and there I see'd the rabbit all covered over slick with a cloth, and fixed on tu the hind end of the saddle, (uncle Zack always rid when he went a courtin, cause it made a show, and didn't cost nothing,) and I watched my chance, got it out, and got the woodchuck in, and says I, tu myself, 'I guess may-be there there won't be no fun now,'—and then I laffed, I did.

"Wal, arter I'd done that, I started for the widder's tu see how it 'ud cum out. The widder lived 'bout four miles off, and I got there jest dusk, and I see'd uncle Zack cuming up at the same time, straddle of his boss, with his Sunday-go-to-meetin'-long-tailed-blue-coat and white breeches on; and I felt perticular pleased when I see'd him git off, and take the rabbit (as he thought) intu the house. I waited out back, till it got tu be dark, and the widder had lighted up, and then I went and peeped intu the winder—and there I see'd uncle Zack, a sittin' right opposite the widder, at the table—eating supper, and talkin' and laffin' almighty slick—and I laffed tu, tu think as how I'd laff last. Now jest by me, was a barrel of soft-soap, and a tub; and I thought I might jest as wal have a good deal of sport, as a little—'seein', as uncle Zack would say, 'it wouldn't cost no more!'—and so I jest got the tub, and filled it, partly, with soap, and sot it right on the doorstep, and then went back tu look at the critturs.

"Wal, the widder she'd say sumthing funny, and uncle Zack he'd laff; and then uncle Zack he'd say sumthing funny, and the widder she'd laff; and then they'd look right at each other, and they'd both laff; and then that tickled me, and I'd laff. Wal, arter a while, it got tu growing more serious—and the widder she'd look down and blush, jest like a baby that's been coughing, and then look up and kinder smile; and uncle Zack he'd sorter twist round in his chair, like he had the fidgets, and talk very low, and so I knew the matter was cuming tu a focus, right fast. Arter a while, uncle Zack he got up, and wiped the perspiration from his face, (for ye see it's tarnal hot work tu make love tu a widder,) and then he went and got the bundle, and I jest fairly held my breath, I were so excited.

"I couldn't hear exactly what he said, when he undid it, but I guess it were sumthing very nice, cause the widder she looked so affectionate like, she did, and uncle Zack so earnest. At last the whole thing cum out, and uncle Zack he laid it on the table, as the Congressmen say—and pintoed to it in triumph,—without ever once looking at it, himself—with his eyes fixed right steady on the widder, which tickled me so I couldn't hardly hold in. The widder she looked fust at that, and then at him—and then at that, and then at him agin; and then she turned red in the face, and then white; and then she looked a little of both mixed together; and then she jumped up and down, and screamed right out—

"O,—you imp! you rascal! you tarnal scoundrel, you! what do you mean by bringing a woodchuck here for tu insult me?"

"Tain't a woodchuck!"—said uncle Zack, staring at it with mouth wide open, and eyes sticking right out—"tain't—"

"You lie!" screamed the widder, jest as uncle Zack was a going tu say sumthing more; and she up with a tea-cup and took him, co-chug, right in the mouth.

"It's all a mistake!"—said uncle Zack.

"You lie!" hollered the widder; and then cum the shugar-bowl, co-chug, right in his face—jest as if the widder were a going tu sweeten him.

"Will you listen tu me, madam!" roared uncle Zack.

"You're a villain!" hollered the widder, agin; and then she throwed a hull custard pie, that took uncle Zack right on the chin, and splattered his clean shirt collar all over.

"Git out o' my house!" hollered the widder, agin; and then she run tu git the broom, and uncle Zack he run for the door, and I lay right down on the grass, and rolled over, and laffed,—till I thought there weren't no such thing as gitting my



breath agin; and then putty soon, I see'd the door open, and I riz right up on the grass to see the fun; and jest as he was coming out—uncle Zack—he turned round to say sumthing, and the widder by this time had got so wrathy, that she pitched right into him, and his foot slipped, and he fell, co-souse, right into the tub of soft-soap; and the widder she fell, co-chug, right on tu him; and the tub, and the soap, uncle Zack, and the widder, all rolled off the door-step together; and I rolled right over agin on tu the grass, and laffed—and laffed—and laffed till I didn't feel bigger round the waist nor a yaller wasp.

"O, Lord!" says uncle Zack.

"O, my!" says the widder.

"This ere 's the evil one's work!" says uncle Zack.

"And you're the evil one!" says the widder; and then she slung a hull handfull of soft-soap right into his mouth.

"I couldn't stand it no longer, and I hollered right out.

"O, mercy! mercy!" cried uncle Zack, gitting on tu his knees—for he thought the devil, or some of his associates, had come arter him.

"Run, Zachariah!" cried I, in a holler voice; and uncle Zack did run; and he run one way, and I run tother; and we left the widder Julip to fight it out, with the woodchuck and soft-soap.

"Next day I see'd uncle Zack—he looked very solemncholly, he did—and says he, says uncle Zack—

"Zeb! I don't b'lieve I'll ever git a wife—I've got off the notion."

"What's the matter, uncle Zack?" says I.

"Why, ye see, Zeb, I don't b'lieve this ere rural, conjugal felicity—as some folks call it—is what they think it are—I don't indeed," and uncle Zack shook his head, and walked off; and I couldn't never git him to say nothing more 'bout marry-ing, or the widder, never arter that. I guess that night was enough, and he gin it all right up."

When the Yankee had finished his story, I found myself rolling on the floor—minus several buttons—and most of my companions in a like predicament; and it was a long time ere we could recover our equilibrium, sufficiently to tell, or hear another story.

## Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, JUNE 24, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & Co's., 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

### THE CASKET.

Again this week, as the reader will perceive, represents a host of talent—numbering among its contributors some of the first names of the Western Literati; and such ones, too, as we feel proud of; and we here take occasion to return our sincere thanks to Mrs. Oliver, Miss Carey, and J. Milton Sanders Esq., for their kind favors, and hope they may continue in the good cause—that is—writing for us—we are not in any way selfish, however, O, no. By the way, we must not forget Ben Bowline. Ben is a great fellow, and we advise those, whose risibilities are easily excited, to get hooped before reading about the "widder," or the consequences may be disastrous. Ben says if this "yarn" will do, he has plenty more. WE THINK it will do. Our news this week will be found interesting.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Rover and his bride" is the title of a fine little poem we have received from Miss Alice Carey, and for which we return her our sincere thanks. "Richard in the field of Bosworth, do." They will both soon appear. May we hope this talented authoress will continue her favors.

"The Soul's visitants"—By Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain, has been received, and it is almost needless to add, was received with a smile of welcome, as anything from her pen is always sure to be. We hope she will not remain mute so long again "To the memory of my child"—By Mrs. Sophia H. Oliver, is one of the sweetest and most beautiful poems we have ever perused from her pen. In fact we have read nothing to equal it, in trusting, heart touching pathos, for a long—long time.—The poetry that reaches the heart, and gives it an upward tendency, is the TRUE POETRY; and such will LIVE when its author lies cold in the grave. We have no desire to "make our contributors sick by wholesale, fulsome flattery," as a cer-

tain editor WISELY remarked, once upon a time, but when we see merit, and can render any assistance towards developing it, by speaking our candid opinion, we shall do so, in preference to thrusting our own more humble self into that bold relief which would lead the reader to fancy we thought ourself the almighty ONE, and the only one worthy of consideration.

"The Bard." We regret to disappoint the author of this in his expectations; but as he has requested we should publish it exactly as written, if at all, and as it does not, in many parts, come up to our standard of what poetry should be, we must, as the only alternative, respectfully decline it. "Sonnet," do. By the way, sonnets have exactly fourteen lines, this has eighteen.

### A VISIT TO CINCINNATI.

Having been absent from our old abiding place, in the West, some two months, sojourning, as our readers are aware, in Lawrenceburgh, we felt that a little river air and a look at the great city of the West would be, to say the least, agreeable, if not beneficial; and so we concluded to visit it; and, accordingly, on Wednesday morning, we found ourself "right thar," as they say in provincial phrase, ready for operations.

Our first call was on our old, and highly esteemed friend, THOS. D. JONES, (Sculptor)—and, after partaking of his hospitality, we visited his studio, where we saw a most beautiful specimen of his genius, in the shape of an angel which he is modeling, and which he is soon to translate (at least its beauties) into marble, for a monument, or tomb, in Louisville.—To say that it is beautiful, is to express but little of what we think it merits as an artistical production. There is a something about it that bears the true, the lofty stamp of genius, (as in fact all the works of Mr. Jones do) and thus far, we pronounce it decidedly his master piece. But as we intend to speak of this and its author more at length on some future occasion, we shall not, at present, enter into detail.

We took a stroll through the city, and were greeted with the familiar face of many an old friend, whose hearty grasp told us, plainly, though absent, we had not been forgotten.—Many we did not see, as time and press of engagements prevented our calling on them. We found the city much as usual, full of life and enterprise, and rapidly enlarging by the addition of new buildings, in which line Cincinnati, yearly, does a large business.

In the after part of the day, accompanied by friend Jones, we paid a visit to CAMP WASHINGTON, situate about two miles to the north of the city, where the Ohio volunteers, preparatory to leaving for Mexico are quartered. After half an hour's riding through dust thick enough to be cut with a case knife—the sun bearing down at an oven heat—we arrived at our place of destination, and were greeted with a view of soldiers on duty, soldiers lounging about—with the many white tents looming up in the distance—which gave it quite a military aspect.

Procuring leave to cross the line, (no one is allowed to pass without) we entered the Camp. This by the way, reminds us of an anecdote we heard told while there, which, to show the zeal some of the soldiers have for obeying orders, we will relate.

A Dutchman was posted sentinel, with instructions to let no one pass but a Commissioned officer—and the Governor, attempting to enter was stopped, by the honest german, with—"Vare ish your pashport?" But I am the Governor, sir!" I don't cares who der tefel you ish. Nopoty comes pasht here put a Commissioned offisher, nitout he hash a pashport; and the Governor of Ohio was obliged to get a 'pashport,' or remain without.

Passing along through the encampment, we could not but admire the location chosen, embracing as it does, a pleasant field, not altogether level, shaded, many parts of it, by apple trees, and through which meanders a clear little stream, where the soldiers procure their water. The soldiers, generally, are a fine, hearty looking set of fellows, who would think of anything but running in time of battle, unless it was after the enemy as some of our southern soldiers did. When not on duty, they, do much as they please, and we saw some sitting, some lying, some standing, some running, some jumping, some eating, some drinking, some sleeping, some reading, some playing cards, &c. &c. all expressing in their countenances a look of contentedness, and perfect indifference as to their vocation, so they passed off the time.

An invitation being sent us to sup with the COLUMBUS GUARDS, we did so, Lieut. MOONEY presiding, (who by the way is a noble looking officer, and a perfect gentleman,) and we ate the bread and meat, set before us, (soldiers fare,) and drank our coffee with great relish; and after all, we thought it rather pleasant than otherwise, to be a soldier. The other

officers of this company Capt. WALCOTT, and Lieut. MICKUM, were absent on duty, so that we did not have the pleasure of their society.

After witnessing the evening parade, which was done in a very handsome manner, we left the camp for the busy city, with its eternal hum, and finished the day and half the night, by going to see Hamlet personated at the National, as only Adams can do it—and looking at the inimitable Tom Placide, until, as Sam Slick says, "we thought we'd a died a larfin!" Tom is a great fellow, and we have only to think of him and that night, to kill the blue devils any time.

We returned the next day, highly delighted with our visit, only to find another friend awaiting to take us in another direction, with whom we spent a few delightful hours. And so finished our respite, our visit, the day, and so, reader, we finish this article.

### BAILLIE & Co.

While in the city we took occasion to call on the Messrs. Baillie & Co. who have lately arrived here from the East, and opened a Periodical Depot for the sale of all cheap publications, of both the East and West,—and truly gentlemen we found them—polite and attentive to business, and full of that stirring energy so characteristic of the Eastern people. They have a beautiful location, not only in the most popular thoroughfare, but also in the most popular part of it—104½ Main street—where they have fitted up a store, for the sale of their works, in accordance with the situation; and although but new comers, as yet, they are already doing a fine business. They have matters so arranged, that they can bring out Eastern publications here simultaneously with the Depots there,—which to those who are looking for the latest works is a matter of no small consideration; and, besides, they also get the latest foreign papers. We noticed among their collection, almost every kind of cheap publication which has been issued for the last five years;—in fact we do not know of a place in the Queen City that we can more cordially recommend to our readers, and the public at large—one that is more DESERVING of patronage.

Baillie & Co. as our readers will perceive, are our regular authorized Agents for the CASKET,—where those who have complained of being unable to get their papers regularly, by leaving there names, or orders, will have them attended to promptly. They have carriers who will leave the paper at the residence of any person in the city, who wishes it, at 5 cts. per week; or they will receive subscription by the six months, or year, at the rate of \$2.00 per annum.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—We have received No. 1, of a work of this title,—now in course of publication by the Harpers, N. York, to be completed in about forty Nos.,—and think it decidedly the most elegant and valuable of the series of cheap publications we have ever seen. The No. before us contains 80 pages of double column, beautifully printed matter, and is illustrated, we should judge, with at least 50, fine engravings. The work complete will be a full history of England and the English, from the invasion of that country by Caesar, down to the present day. How it can be afforded for 25 cts per No., is past our reckoning,—but so it is. Baillie & Co. have it for sale, at there Periodical Depot, 104½ Main st. Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—Is also for sale by Baillie & Co, accompanied by a large, splendid engraving, of the city of London, and the river Thames; and so well and accurately is it drawn, that you can perceive, at a single glance, every public building in that great city, and all its principal streets and thoroughfares. A key accompanies it, which gives the names of each public edifice. It is truly valuable.

TREASURY OF HISTORY.—No 3 of this valuable and popular work has just been received. It is fully equal to either of its predecessors. It is published by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton st. New York—25 cts. single No. Whole-Nos (12) complete, \$3.00. Address the Publisher.

### TORNADO.

There has been a terrible and destructive tornado in Wilmington, Delaware, by which several houses have been blown down—two persons killed outright—and many others seriously injured. One brig was capsized, in the Christina river, and the crew were saved by swimming to the shore. The storm was accompanied with hail of large size, which fell with great violence and much damage was done to the wheat and corn crops in that vicinity. A subscription is about to be raised, to aid the families of those who were by this storm made mourners.



## Gambling Sketches.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

### CONTENTIONS OF THE GAMBLING LIFE.

BY J. H. GREEN.

The vice of gambling, as it exists, in all its horrid deformities, by the novice is considered but a pleasant way to pass the time. Simplicity is stamped upon its most desperate features, and thus it draws thousands of its victims within its poisonous grasp. If you look to one side of the picture, which presents itself with a fairy-like enchantment, you see, you love, you embrace, without reflecting what ultimately may be the evil tendency of such a reckless, such a dishonest excitement as it is ever certain to carry in its train. But to consider, also, the domestic evil which this vice inflicts. Who can estimate it? Who can speak of it, in its fullness and its depth? Who can, or who would wish to, if they could, draw with a faithful hand the lonely home of the gambler, the desolate family, the bleeding heart, the tears, the misery. Driven to the extremest verge of destitution, nothing spared for comfort or decency—all swallowed up in this absorbing phrenzy,—and how fearfully does the shadow of the future fall upon the present? Did the gambler but unlock the springs of his heart, that he has pressed down as with iron, did he suffer memory and reflection to do their work, what picture of his domestic life would they paint for him? The first in the series would be one of tranquility and joy. Not a cloud in the heavens save those tinged and made beautiful by hope. The eyes of love looking out upon him, the dependence of a trustful heart leaning upon him its all. The second scene would change. A tearful and deserted wife, a weeping child, keeping watch till the breaking of the morn. Again, and haggard misery would creep into the picture, adding the keenness of deprivation to the sting of grief, pressing heavily upon the bowed, crushed, heart-broken spirit of that wife, mingling the drought of slighted, abused affection with tears of starved and shivering childhood, piercing her ear at once with moans for bread and the curses of disappointed brutality. Again and there would be a grave, a green and lonely grave, where the faithful heart, that loved him to the last, now rested from all its pangs, and the child that he had slighted, now slept as cold and still as the bosom that once nourished it;—a grave where even the wide and distant heaven should be more kind than he, smiling in sunshine, and weeping in rain, over those for whom he, in his mad career, never smiled or wept, but whom, on the contrary, he, in his reckless course, had hurried thus early to the tomb! Pictures like these, I say, might memory and reflection paint for the gambler—for scenes like these occur every day in his real life.

Gambling, by many, is thought to be an exciting, as well as an alluring vice—likewise one which carries upon its face the index of pleasantness and peace. We admit that thousands have entertained the base aspiration, not to the downfall of themselves, alone, but millions tread in their foot steps, and sip, from the fountain head of bitter and sad experience, the corroding infamy of all its concomitants. There are no features connected with the despicable vice of gambling which could induce the votary to even indulge for amusement, could he but lift the screen and see what awaits him when he may have reached that acme of the profession which he contemplates will make him happy. Mankind have never—no—never enjoyed the attainment of that flattering hope which has held so many spell-bound to their ever ruling passion to acquire riches by dishonest means.

To illustrate the contentions and variations of position, which every gambler must necessarily expect, I will relate an incident connected with my own personal experience. Not alone for its wild adventure, have I culled it from so many, but that it is one which bears in its features more mystery than any other incident of my life.

In the fall of 1833, I visited the Southern country, not for my health, but to gamble. I was successful in my gambling operations, and accumulated several thousand dollars in cash, and likewise some several thousand dollars worth of jewelry, which I received in Natchez. I left Natchez for Vicksburg, some time in March, 1834, on board of the steamboat *Ellen Douglass*; which by the way, was a fine boat, commanded by Capt. Ryley, a captain well worthy of the title of a gentleman. The boat, at Natchez, took on board a Circus Company, which company, with but few exceptions, were under the influence of wine. Shortly after we left the wharf there arose a discord among them, which continued for some two hours, when two of the most daring ones came to blows in

the social hall, which was situated forward of the gentlemen's cabin. I was standing close by the side of the combatants, during the fight, and as soon as I could get through the crowd of passengers, I left for the cabin, to change my coat, which had been torn during the contest. The difficulty was at length settled, and the passengers dispersed to their usual pastime, at least such of them as saw proper. Although the boat was crowded, it was with a class that are too often to be found trailing after a circus company, and which adds but little to its credit. After the scene just related, nothing of importance transpired until the next day. We were some twenty miles below Vicksburg, at which place we expected to remain but a short period. I was seated in the cabin arranging my trunks, having three, one of which was filled with costly wearing apparel and some very valuable jewelry. While I was thus busied in overhauling the one which contained the principal part of my most valuable jewels, I discovered one of the passengers walking back and forth, through the cabin, giving a very anxious look each time into my trunk. His singular appearance led me to mistrust his curiosity was not of an honest character. There was something in his appearance which I thought bespoke dishonesty. He was a man of small stature, of a dark complexion, heavy dull eye, with a down cast look. His age appeared to be about forty, and his general appearance would be sufficient, of itself, to insure a verdict of guilty by any well informed jurors who were not personally acquainted with, and knew him to be an honest man. My first thought was that he had some villainous design in view, and I therefore made the same known to my servant. I had taken, as I thought, sufficient care to prevent any loss by a man such as I supposed him to be. We soon arrived at the Vicksburg wharf and I stepped on shore, leaving my servant to see that my baggage was safely landed. He brought two of my trunks forward—passed them down to the wharf, and returned for the third, the largest and most valuable,—but lo! it was gone! In vain did he look for it. He immediately ran forward, called to me and said that my largest trunk was missing. I told him that he had not made proper search, that I knew it was on board, and at the same time hastened on board to satisfy myself. To my astonishment the trunk was gone, but whither, I could not divine. The cabin was searched, but no traces of it could be found. The boat had already rung her bell, and hastening to the captain I told him my trunk was missing, and requested him not to leave for a few minutes, as I thought I could find it—feeling confident it was still on board. The captain gave me every attention that was in his power to render, and in a few moments we ascertained, through one of the stewards, that such a trunk had been taken to a state-room in the ladies' cabin, and I thought, that in all probability, there was some mistake, which would soon be rectified. I immediately hastened to the room, which was occupied by a lady and gentleman, the former of whom was standing by the state-room door—and enquired of her if she had seen a strange trunk in her apartment.

"There is nothing of the kind here, sir, but what belongs to my husband," she replied, without the least excitement.

"You will have no objections to my examining your state-room, then," said I; and at the same time I pushed open the door and beheld my trunk.

"This trunk belongs to me," continued I, laying my hand upon it.

"You lie, sir!" was her quick reply.

"Where is your husband, then?"

"He is here, sir."

At this moment the man whom I had noticed, previous to the landing of the boat, as paying such strict attention to the contents of my trunk, made his appearance, and was interrogated by the captain in the following manner:

"Does this trunk belong to you, sir?"

"Yes, sir—that is—no—I have lost—"

Here the captain interrupted him, by asking how he came to have my property in his possession.

"I will tell you, captain," replied he; "during the fight, yesterday, my pocket-book was taken from my pocket, containing four thousand dollars, and I had understood that this young man was a gambler, and thought I would try, if possible, to recover it, by bringing his trunk into my state-room, and searching it."

The false accusation came upon me like a shock of electricity, and the first re-action poured forth all the hellish depravity of my heart. I thought nothing but his heart's blood could satisfy my almost ungovernable passion. I cursed him for everything but an honest man, while he said not one word in justification of his proceedings, after learning from my lips

the full extent of my wicked design. I ordered the servant to take my trunk to the shore, which he did, while I followed him, nearly blinded with the desire of revenge. The boat was soon under way, and I felt vexed with myself to think that I had not put an end to the man who had thus openly insulted me. The more I reflected, the more I thought of the degrading impositions and contentions, the craft were continually bringing upon me. I thought of every imposition which I was liable to suffer the remainder of my days. I had no hope of reformation, no hope of ever being reclaimed from the despicable vice of gambling. My only consoling reflection was, that I would be enabled, through the art, to accumulate sufficient wealth to carry out my designs, which were such as would make you, reader, shudder to contemplate. I was satisfied that an imposition had been practiced upon me, whether by intrigue of the dark personage who had my trunk, or his misfortunes, I have never been able to divine. Time rolled on and I heard naught concerning the man, or his losses, for some two years, at which time I was again on a tour South, in my professional business. Gambling being at that time a desperate business on land, I concluded to try my luck on the Steamers, and for that purpose took passage on the *Rob-Roy*. On her upward trip she was crowded with passengers, and ran very slow. I soon had a profitable game made up, and was crowned with unusual success. After having won the larger part of the money of those who chose to play with me, I concluded I could make it more profitable to leave the *Rob-Roy*, and take passage on another boat. We were then nearing Natchez, at which place I had determined on stopping. On arriving at the city I found that one part, the night before, had been laid in ashes, and as the Gamblers were supposed to have been the incendiaries, the whole town was, in consequence, embittered against them. When the boat landed, I, without any forethought whatever, had my trunks immediately taken on board of a small boat, running in the Red River trade. Several hours after my arrival on the *American*, (which I believe to have been her name,) I was seated on her after guard, reading, when I noticed a band of rough looking men coming on board, headed by the same individual whom I had every reason to believe had attempted to rob me of my trunk on the *Ellen Douglass* some two years before. Great God! could I but express the horrible state of desperation forced upon me, on seeing this! As they drew near me, however, they came to a halt, when I made enquiry as to what they wanted. I was answered, by the foremost, that the captain, (pointing to the man referred to previously,) had been robbed, while a passenger on the *Douglass* some two seasons before, and that he had taken out a warrant for my arrest. I replied that I had no objection to go with him, alone, but as I saw the company was headed by a man I knew to be a Robber, I could not, nor would not, suffer them to arrest me—believing, as I did, their motives were but to rob, and murder me. He assured me that I should not be harmed. I then walked with him to the court room, where the proceedings were a mockery of all forms I ever have witnessed, and twenty-five hundred dollars were required of me for bail. I could have given it, as I had the money with me, but I knew it was not safe, for I believed a course of lynching would have been the desperate means the band, which accompanied the captain, would have resorted to—as it was evident they were prompted by inducements held out to them that they might lynch and rob me for their pains. I was asked by the mock Judge if I could give bail;—(his name I have forgotten, and am sorry for it, but think it was Cook; whether so or not, he was a dishonor to Natchez.) I told him I could not. He bit his lips, in evident vexation, and then ordered me to jail. Accompanied by a mob of some five hundred, I went, and as the prison door grated on its hinges, I overheard some one of the leaders saying—

"Just as I thought; he has gone to prison, and our chance is all up."

I then could perceive, as I thought, their object in arresting me, which was no other than to whip me to death, and then divide my money among them. I found myself in prison, and for what? for being a gambler—a man of bad character. I knew I was imposed upon, but had no means of redress. I believed the world was composed of villains, and knew, by sad experience, that card players were exposed to all the cunning of desperate thieves, who robbed daily, in a business like form. I knew there were robbers, ay, and murderers, too, in almost every craft. I was satisfied in that one transaction,—and hundreds of others since—that gambling and robbing did not exist alone in the rattling of dice, or the shuffling of cards. Oh! what a night of hopeless anxiety was that one to me! The street was thronged with an enraged people, the whole night.



I could hear the hideous yells of the desperate class of lynch-ers, who were induced thus to act for various reasons; some thought to hide their deeds of villainy by murdering; others, who were ignorant of man's wickedness, were led, by the designing party, to deeds too horrid to place upon the records of even a nation of barbarians. It was a long, a fearful night—a night never to be erased by time from my memory. In the morning I was visited by several, who advised me to give bail. I told them I could not. They then proposed to go my bail, providing I would but place one half of the bond required by the Judge, in their possession. This I would not consent to, for I was fearful that a band was ready organized to mob, and murder me; and I have every reason to believe, even at the present day, that such was the course they would have pursued. I remained through choice in the jail six days—during which time I suffered more than pen can describe; and ever since, when I reflect upon those days of iniquity, does it appear as though I had but just awakened from some horrible vision. I finally came to the conclusion that I would procure bail, and sent for a man who had been highly recommended to me by the Jailor, as one who would stand by me. He came, and agreed to bail, and take me in his carriage, after night, twenty miles below the city, providing I would make him safe—which I did. I learned, afterwards, from a correct source, that so soon as I had left the city, my money was divided. I was satisfied, at the time, that I was robbed,—for well they knew they had me in their power. However the individual, recommended by the Jailor, fulfilled his agreement, and I was set free—a doubly desperate man, in community.

I heard, nor saw, nothing of the captain who was the cause of my arrest, until I became a reformed man; and the reader may imagine my surprise, when I heard that he was a man of high standing, in as good a moral city as there is west of the Alleghenies, and has been from childhood, considered respectable. I gave the foregoing incident one evening, and the next day the captain visited me, and admitted that my narration was correct—save, as he said, I made a mistake in saying the lady called herself his wife. I have no unkind feeling for him—I feel at peace, so far as I am concerned, with all mankind,—but on my death bed I will answer, if asked the question, that she called herself his wife.

In conclusion, let this be a warning to all who may think gambling an easy way of making a living—for truly the contentions of a gambler are far more horrible than pen or tongue can describe.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CASKET.

CAMP WHITCOMB,  
New-Albany, June 18, 1846.

MR. EDITOR.—The "Dearborn Volunteers" arrived at "Camp Whitcomb" on Thursday morning, the 10th inst. about 9 o'clock A. M.,—and notwithstanding it was raining hard, and the roads were very muddy our men were all in good spirits,—and although very much fatigued, having walked from Louisville before breakfast, they were braced up with the assurance that they were serving their country.

"Camp Whitcomb" is situate about one mile above New-Albany, several hundred yards from the bank of the river, and within view of the falls of the Ohio,—and although pleasantly situated, it is not very healthy, which is indispensable, as there will be a great number of men encamped within the scope of a few acres.

As stated above, we arrived in camp on Thursday morning but in consequence of the rain which continued for several days, and a number of sick men on our list, we took up our march for new quarters, and were soon comfortably situated in a two story frame house, immediately opposite the Court House, and as the saying is "in the very heart of the city."

There are now about fifteen companies here,—composed of men who will, doubtless, if called to the field of battle, be an HONOR to the State they represent,—and the "Dearborn Volunteers" if permitted to join in the contest, will ADD a Star to the beautiful flag presented to them by the patriotic ladies of Lawrenceburgh, and let me assure them that the Stars and Stripes presented to us by their fair hands, shall never be stained with dishonor, but shall be preserved as pure and untarnished as when received.

Col. Churchill arrived here on Tuesday evening and inspected our company this morning. We all bore inspection and were received, with the exception of one man, who had his shoulder put out of place some years since. He felt very much mortified, and dislikes to leave the company. He will receive an honorable discharge, as his rejection cannot be attributed to cowardice.

It will no doubt be gratifying to the Citizens of Dearborn to know that the "Dearborn Volunteers" were the first Company in camp, and the FIRST company mustered into service—she is number one in Indiana, and will be number one whilst roaming o'er the plains of Mexico.

Our election for field officers has not taken place yet, and will not for some days. Who will be elected, I cannot say, but think that our company will furnish the Colonel for the first Regiment. I have written more than I intended—but hope you will excuse. When our election comes off, I will give you the result. Respectfully yours, &c.,

B. J. S., Lieut.

## AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The amusing correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis* tells the following:

"One of our most celebrated painters had made, with a view of exhibiting at the gallery, the portrait of a lady, whose fortune has enabled her to occupy a very brilliant position, and who had been, for a long time, regarded as one of the most beautiful woman of Paris. Unfortunately, this reputation is one of such long standing, that it is already on the wane.—The lady in question has already reached an age to which no one is ever willing to acknowledge, however much it may have been extolled by the witty pen of Balzac. The dusty files of the Civil Registry kept the secret of her forty summers, which she could, with a wonderful skill, and by her great endeavors to be as attractive as in times past. Paris is a place of great resources; ointments for all wounds are to be found there, as well as admirers of all ages. Our heroine maintained her pretensions bravely; her vanity was tolerated, and being desirous of giving publicity to her attractions by an exhibition at the Louvre she had her portrait painted.

She prepared her best looks for the purpose, wearing her most becoming dress, assumed a position most favorable to her charms seated before her toilet table, leaning negligently on the arm of her chair, and smiling upon her own reflection in the mirror, which of course was to be most complimentary to her charms. The painter sketched a most striking likeness; in doing so, he did what he should not have done. A little more flattery, and a little less exactness, would have been far more acceptable. The perfectness of the likeness made her less willing to recognize its merits. The model declared she could not see any likeness in it, and the painting was left on the hands of the unfortunate painter.

This was a double wrong to our artist. Attacked both professionally and pecuniarily the painter had not sufficient resignation to enable him to look on coolly and see a portrait worth a thousand crowns left on his hands. A way to be revenged, or rather to do himself justice, presented itself to his mind, he set himself at once about putting it in execution.

A few days before the time fixed for offering paintings for the exhibition at the Louvre, the lady who had refused to take her portrait was informed by some friend that the rejected portrait had received sundry additions of a character far from complimentary. She immediately proceeded to the studio of our artist. The portrait was still there, the likeness of the face as perfect as ever; only the painter had somewhat dismantled the brows, and the person so faithfully represented, was holding in her hands two bunches of false curls.—Upon her toilet table were found several phials, upon which were written these words: "white lead;" "vegetable rouge;" "cosmetic for the removal of wrinkles;" "waters for dying the hair," &c. Then in the midst of this artillery, could be distinctly seen three billets, signed by three different christian names.

"This is abominable!" cried the lady; "it is all a tissue of calumnies!"

"Of what do you complain?" replied the painter, very coolly. "Have you not insisted that there was not the least likeness of yourself here? You are perfectly right. This is no likeness of yours, it is a mere fancy sketch, and as such I mean to exhibit it."

"What, sir! Do you mean to exhibit that painting?"

"Certainly, madame, I mean to exhibit it as a fancy sketch, as the catalogue will show, in which you will find it set down under the appropriate title of—A Coquette of Forty-five."

At this last blow the lady went into hysterics. As soon as she had recovered herself, she hastened to effect a compromise with the painter. The painter effaced before her own eyes the offensive additions, and the painting restored to its original condition, was purchased at the price originally stipulated, three thousand francs.

## THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"  
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone:—  
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;  
I am abiding, while ages flee.  
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,  
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt  
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.  
There's none that can tell about my birth,  
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.  
The children of men arise, and pass  
Out of the world like blades of grass;  
And many a foot on me has trod,  
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.  
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,  
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;  
She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;  
And she felt for a time at a loss to know  
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.  
But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,  
At length she said, in a gentle tone,  
"Since it has happen'd that I am thrown  
From the lighter element where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel  
Has ever subdued or made to feel!"

And soon in the earth she sunk away,  
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the peering head of an infant oak!  
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,  
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,  
"A modest Acorn—never to tell  
What was enclosed in its simple shell!  
That the pride of the forest was folded up  
In the narrow space of its little cup!  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!  
And, O! how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire the beautiful tree,  
Whose head is towering towards the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I!  
Useless and vain, a cumber here,  
I have been idling from year to year.  
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word  
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me or within,  
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"

The Pebble its vow could not forget,  
And it lies there wrapp'd in silence yet.

The most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves; therefore, it is ridiculous to see character mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down: they generally find or make for him some ruling passion, the rudder of his course; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men and women have but one APPARENT GOOD. Those indeed are the strongest minds and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant good, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.

Most men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.



## News Items.

From the New York Sun extra.

## ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP GREAT WESTERN ELEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Great Western, Capt. Mathews, arrived this forenoon from Liverpool, which port she left on the 30th ulto. Queen Victoria became the mother of five children on the afternoon of Monday—a 'great fact' in the history of England, which was duly announced to the inhabitants of London by the firing of guns and other demonstrations of joy. The young stranger is a female; and, according to the phraseology of the court bulletins, is, like the mother, "doing well." The Queen entered on her 27th year a few days back.

The effect of the Mexican news has been to raise the price of American produce. On its receipt many persons instantly withdrew their cotton.

We mentioned in our last the proposition of the Mexican Government for placing the debt upon a new footing, by the proprietors in London. The proposition was negatived by the bondholders. But a new and more favorable proposition is expected to be made. In the meantime, the present position of Mexico affords small chance of the London capitalists "bleeding" freely in the matter of the loan.

The Steamer Cambria went home in twelve days, having sustained no injury while on Cape Cod.

The Cambria, Captain Juddkins, arrived here on the afternoon of Thursday, after a splendid passage, with the intelligence of the rupture which has already taken place BETWEEN THE MEXICAN AND THE AMERICAN FORCES, the issue of the conflict which has taken place at Fort Isabel, on the Rio Grande—if conflict it can be called, for it seems, according to the accounts, too trumpery for the appellation—has astonished, and we are sorry to add, gratified many persons. It has astonished those who have regarded the valour of the Mexicans with contempt, and it has delighted those who wished to see the pride of Jonathan humbled—humbled, because he has had the temerity to beard his cousin Bull.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG.—General Armstrong, Consul for the United States, Liverpool, leaves to-day, by the Great Western, on a visit to the United States.

## TRIUMPH OF THE CORN BILL.

The Peers have made short work of the Corn Bill. On Monday week it was read for the first time in their House, and the second reading, after a debate of three nights, was passed by a majority of FORTY-SEVEN.

## THE OREGON NOTICE.

The question of whether or not the President of the United States had given the notice respecting the joint occupation of the Oregon territory to the British Government, having formed a subject of controversy in the English and American press, we have the satisfaction of stating, upon the highest authority, that such notice has been given, and that the Great Western carries out, on her present trip, the answer of the British Government, which, we have reason to believe, is of a conciliatory and friendly character.

THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE LOUIS BONAAPARTE.—On Monday last the Prince succeeded in effecting his escape from the fortress of Ham, after a close imprisonment of some years.—His object now, as we hear, is to obtain passports without delay, in order that he may at once hasten to share the retreat of his father at Florence.

## IRELAND.

The government has summoned Lord Heytesbury to London, to support the Corn Bill in the Lords' committee.

In Ulster, the laboring classes are suffering as severely from the want of potatoes as in the south and west.

The accounts of the new potato crop in Ireland are, upon the whole, encouraging.

The hay harvest is unusually forward this year. In some parts of the country, cutting has already commenced.

## SAXONY.

The second chamber of the Saxon Legislature resumed, on the afternoon of the 18th inst., the discussion on the report of the committee respecting the sanguinary riots at Leipzig on the 12th of August last. The question therefore is, to a certain extent, in STATU QUO.

## ITALY.

There is a new movement towards freedom in Italy, favored by King Charles Albert of Sardinia.

## NEW ZEALAND.

The last accounts from New Zealand state that the troops in

the North were encamped about eight miles from the Pah of Kawiti, Heki's principal ally.

## ALGERIA.

Marshal Bugeaud will shortly return to France, having resigned the post Governor General of Algeria. Nothing is yet determined as to his successor.

## THE OVERLAND MAIL FROM INDIA.—INDIA AND CHINA.

By an express extraordinary which reached London on the 20th inst, in anticipation of the mail, we have received advices from India and China. The dates are—Calcutta, April 7; Madras, 13; Bombay, 15; China, March, 29.

The Bombay Times of April 15, has the following brief summary of the news:—The last fortnight has proved perfectly barren of intelligence. The commander-in-chief, like the governor-general, has quitted the Panjab: the British garrison remains inactive at Lahore, where the people are conducting themselves with propriety, but there seems a considerable amount of turbulence in the country.

The new cantonments were being arranged in the Jullunder Doab, and their garrisons assigned to them. The Bombay troops had begun to arrive at Roree about the first week of April, and were to be distributed in the manner formerly described. The people in the western India were beginning to suffer from scarcity, mainly brought about by the deficiency of last season's rains. Cholera was spreading amongst the natives. India generally is quiet. Some failures of European houses connected with Bombay have occurred. The weather is unusually cold for the middle of April.

## CIRCASSIA.

Travellers arrived from Circassia announce that war has not yet commenced, but Schamil Bey is making extensive preparations.

## PRUSSIA.

Letters from Germany announce that the constitution will be published early in June. Prince Henry of Prussia, who is at the head of the opposing party, wished the king to proceed by means of a sovereign grant. Frederick William IV did not entertain the same opinion. "I wish," he is said to have exclaimed "I wish the constitution to engage both the people and the crown; and to attain in that object, I ought to consult the states united in general assembly."

LATER FROM THE ARMY.—The GALVESTON left Brazos Santiago on the 8th and Galveston on the 10th inst. The Army was about moving up the river to take the small towns on its right bank.

VERA CRUZ.—The consuls of the neuter nations have protested against the blockade of this Port, declared on the 20th of last month by the commandant of the United States fleet, which allows only 15 days for foreign vessels to leave the port. The principal portion of the American fleet is now at Isla Verde, and the American men-at-war St. Mars and Fal-mouth, and a small brig, are cruising before Tampico.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—On Sunday afternoon an old European soldier proceeded with a loaded musket to camp Washington, with the intention of assassinating the commandant of that post. He was stopped by the sentry at the lines, and on attempting to fire, was knocked down by other soldiers and secured.

CHOLERA.—The N. Y. Herald of June 17th contains the following paragraph. "It is said in the MONTREAL HERALD, of the 15th inst., that there is a report of the Cholera having made its appearance at Quebec. This report is not, however, positively confirmed."

IMPORTANT SEIZURE.—The New York Sun of Tuesday, states that a Swedish brig was seized on Monday, in the North river, in the act of taking in munitions of war for the Mexicans.

QUEBEC.—There has been a terrible fire in this place.—Theatre Royal has been burned to the ground, and over one hundred persons perished in the flames. Fifty bodies have been recovered. We have not space for the particulars.

Hancock, Ill., is now, probably, the scene of a terrible riot. The citizens are all in arms. At the last accounts no blood had been shed.

POWERFUL STATE.—We have on the muster roll of this state 230,000 intelligent and hardy militia, and 32,000 armed and equipped volunteers ready for service at any moment.

PHILA. KEYSTONE.

## Spicings.

A gentleman who has been in the ice trade at St Thomas, relates some funny anecdotes of the ideas which the "natives" there have of the "Boston Hard water." He once sold a lump to a gentleman, who sent a colored servant after it, with directions to have it kept for the dinner table. The servant took it home, and inquired of the cook how it was to be prepared.—After considerable discussion in "the kitchen cabinet," it was decided to have it boiled. At dinner, the gentleman called for it, and was in high glee, for he had drank ice-water in the States, and felt a mighty hankering for a second trial of the same cooling beverage. Soon Sambo made his appearance, with eyes rolling on the outside of his face, and grinning like a frightened monkey.

"Where is the ice?" demanded the gentleman.

"O, lorry, massa," said Sambo, "I put him in de pot and bile him more 'an half an hour, and when I look for him he wasn't dar!"

The gentleman didn't stop to enlighten his servant on the point of cooking ice, but, seizing a decanter, hurled it at the unfortunate "colored gentleman's" head, as an indication that he had done something for which he would "suffer some" after the dinner hour.

It is said that out west, they fight with clubs as big as a dog's body. Some throw stones as large as a quart of milk. One chap out in that region laughs so loud that it loosens his teeth and on one occasion shook one of his ears off. As for the girls they are amazing sweet. A man travelling through that region on horse-back, declares that the gales came to him so laden with fragrance that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.

My Rosa, from the latticed grove

Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies;  
And ask'd, as round my neck she clung,

"If tulips I preferred to roses!"

"I cannot tell dear girl," I sighed;

"But kiss me ere I see the posies."

She did!—"Oh! I prefer," I cried,

"Thy TWO LIPS to a dozen roses!"

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